

# LITERATURE AND LITERARY TOPICS CRITICISMS

By ARTHUR T. EASTMAN, Lit. D.

Assisted by a Staff of Prominent Literary Men.

## FEATURES FOR TO-DAY

**EDITORIAL**—Literary Identification.  
**HISTORY**—Celebrated Crimes.  
**BIOGRAPHY**—The Practical Life Work of Henry Drummond.  
**ESSAYS**—Woman in the Golden Ages.  
**MEDICINE**—The Century Book for Mothers.  
**POETRY**—Lincoln and Other Poems.  
**FICTION**—Sister Teresa. The Benefactress. By Bread Alone. For Love or Crown. Tom Beaulieu. The Cabbage Patch. The Seven Horses.  
**NEWS**—Book Notes.

### LITERARY IDENTIFICATION.

In a late number of "The Book Buyer" there is a capital article entitled "Thinking in Japanese." The primary object of the writer is to show the difficulties which beset a foreigner in learning the language of the Land of the Chrysanthemum, but there is in it a hint of the thoroughness which is rightly considered needful to the full mastery of a language. The students of the Japanese tongue found it necessary to think in Japanese—and they found it as difficult as necessary.

Though not in its thought, the article suggested to us an analogy. It also, in pursuing the train of thought thus started, calls to our mind the actor described in "Great Expectations," of whom his admirer told that "when he played Othello, he blacked himself all over," and added: "that that was feeling a part." We quote from memory, and may not be exact in our words, but the idea we well remember.

Now, it has seemed to us that of late years many writers of fiction have thought it necessary to "black themselves all over," but it is only of late that they have been impressed with the artistic necessity of "thinking in Japanese." We speak in parables, but their meaning will not be hidden from the reader of contemporary novels. The art of storytelling seems to be in process of resolution into absolute identification of the writer with his characters; he is no longer content to stand outside of them and view them; he must enter into their psychological existence and make it his own. So far, though, there is too broad application of a defensible theory; there is little to cause complaint, but unfortunately the majority of writers of late novels have reversed the theory and seem to believe that true art requires that they should impress their own individuality of thought upon their characters. They do not identify themselves with their characters; they identify their characters with themselves. In short, instead of "blackening themselves all over" to play Othello, they play Othello with a white face. The consequence of this method of identification of the author with his personages is a narrowness of conception and execution which makes each novel centre in, and consist of little else than, the thought of one personage. Of this school of novelists is Mr. George Moore; nor does he stand alone.

As for "thinking in Japanese," that is an evil of later growth, but which threatens permanency. It is principally manifested in stories dealing with rural life, though it not infrequently appears in tales of the lowest classes in the towns. The author, in his desire to give a sympathetic representation of the life he is depicting, seems to think it necessary so to saturate himself with the method of thought peculiar to those of whom he writes that he forces himself, as the narrator, to think in their style. Instead of preserving in sharp definition the line between himself as the commentator and his characters as the actors, he merges his personality into theirs, so that

there is no discernible margin between them. Of course, where the story is written in autobiographical form, this is true art; but we are not speaking of such works, but of these admittedly descriptive. It seems to be the one aim of each chronicler of the lower types to learn to "think in Japanese." That they too often succeed is a thing to be deplored, for thus their stories lose all advantage of point of view. We, the author, no longer look downward, where we can see all, but we and he are on the same plane as those of whom he tells us. And by this means is no true knowledge given or gained.

**CELEBRATED CRIMES.** By Alexander Dumas. George Barrie & Son, Philadelphia.

"Celebrated Crimes" falls among the list of Dumas' works which are ranked as of doubtful authenticity, but there can be little question that the master was responsible for the form in which the work appeared. He may not, indeed, have himself made the researches which were necessary to conduct the work, and very probably the rough compilation was done by other hands; but from internal evidence it seems quite certain that he wrote the manuscript from which the book was printed. At all events, the work is of all the interest that he so well knew how to infuse into history; and it is worthy to bear his name.

The work tells of all the most famous crimes that have defaced the history of the civilized world. The stories are told at length, and in such a manner as to interest the reader in the details of the crime, not the coldness of the merely historical personage, whose individuality it is so difficult to realize. We are told of Joanna of Naples, of the Borgias, of the Cenci, of the Man in the Iron Mask, and of many other persons whose names are written in chronicle only because of the magnitude of their crimes. We are told of them in such a manner as to make their stories comprehensible and real to us, while the manner of telling—treating fact in the way usually reserved for fiction—is potent to awaken and maintain our interest. It is not pleasant reading; but it is unquestionably thrilling. It is something in the nature of a literary Chamber of Horrors; we are repelled and yet we are fascinated. It is all very attractive, and we may be horrified, but we are never disgusted.

F. L. M.

**THE PRACTICAL LIFE WORK OF HENRY DRUMMOND.** By Cuthbert Lennox. James Pott & Co., New York. This is a great deal more than a chronicle of the life of a man who is the subject of Mr. Lennox's book; for, as Dr. John Watson has said, "The biography of Drummond cannot be a chronicle; it must be a suggestion. There are no dates, no facts, no events, but the truth of his nature. The book is furnished with notes for a bibliography, and has an introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie, neither being of great value; but, as a record of a noble life, it is worthy of all praise." A. E. S.

**WOMAN IN THE GOLDEN AGES.** By Amelia Gere Mason. The Century Company, New York. Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason, author of "Women of the French Salons," has given us a new group of papers, concerning some of the most notable of her sex. In "Woman in the Golden Ages" Mrs. Mason writes pleasantly about many women of the olden time of whom we know something and are glad to learn more.

men of the olden time of whom we know something and are glad to learn more. Mrs. Mason tells us much of the women of Greece and Rome, something of those who lived in the day of the Crusades, and a little of those of a later date. All are, of course, dealt with from the feminine standpoint; and this is as pleasant as it is natural. We like to know what a woman thinks of her own sex, and at times, the view seems to be clouded by prejudice or trend of matured thought, it is not the less interesting because of this. Mrs. Mason has evidently been at great pains to acquaint herself with the people of whom she tells us, to know them as well as to see them, and the result finds expression in a book which is sure to please every reader, man or woman. The latter is, perhaps, the more apt to agree with the author in her ideas, especially if such reader be a little inclined to the "cult of the New Woman," but there is plenty in the book to please the man as well and to cater to his feeling of superiority—though this is a matter of quite another order.

**GEORGE WASHINGTON AND OTHER AMERICAN ADDRESSES.** By Frederick Harrison. The Macmillan Company, New York.

There are ten addresses included in the volume before us, the most interesting from an American standpoint, being that delivered before the Union League Club, Chicago, in 1862, by George Washington and the Republican ideal. It is always interesting, if not always pleasant, to learn the opinion of strangers concerning our republican institutions; and we may, if we will, draw valuable lessons from such opinion, when it is as candid and as such a man as Mr. Harrison. The fact that Mr. Harrison has been, as he himself says, "a Republican from his youth upward," may detract from the impartiality of his judgment; but he has some of the best of good judgment, and his words of highest praise. We are personally inclined to think that he is in error in both instances; that he praises where he might justly blame, and blames where in fact he is entitled to praise. But in this we are entitled to judge for ourselves. It does, however, seem clear to us that Mr. Harrison is entirely an ideal Republican, and therefore blind to the practical difficulties which overhang the republic, and this is a weight from his judgment. For these reasons, while the first address is the most interesting of the ten, we think it the least valuable.

Of the others, we found most interest in that delivered at the Union League Club, Chicago, in 1862, by George Washington and the Republican ideal. It is always interesting, if not always pleasant, to learn the opinion of strangers concerning our republican institutions; and we may, if we will, draw valuable lessons from such opinion, when it is as candid and as such a man as Mr. Harrison. The fact that Mr. Harrison has been, as he himself says, "a Republican from his youth upward," may detract from the impartiality of his judgment; but he has some of the best of good judgment, and his words of highest praise. We are personally inclined to think that he is in error in both instances; that he praises where he might justly blame, and blames where in fact he is entitled to praise. But in this we are entitled to judge for ourselves. It does, however, seem clear to us that Mr. Harrison is entirely an ideal Republican, and therefore blind to the practical difficulties which overhang the republic, and this is a weight from his judgment. For these reasons, while the first address is the most interesting of the ten, we think it the least valuable.

**THE CENTURY BOOK FOR MOTHERS.** By Leroy Milton Yale and Gustav Polak. The Century Company, New York. "The Century Book for Mothers" explains its purpose in its title. It is an effort to "explain not only what every intelligent mother ought to know, but what she ought to know regarding the care of her child." The ground has been fully covered. The book is divided into two parts, of which the first deals with the general care of children, while the second contains questions which have actually been put by mothers to the editors of "Babyhood," with their answers revised and brought up to date. Not more than one question upon any one subject is given, and the answers are made plain and clear. This portion of the work contains much of value, yet, to our thinking, it is inferior in this respect to the first part. The latter deals with such matters as preparation for motherhood, ventilation, furnishing, temperature, and heating of the nursery, precautions to be taken with the nursery, nursery routine, hours for sleep, bathing, dress and clothing, growth and development, food and feeding, the disorders occasioned by improper feeding, evidences of illness and the domestic treatment of the same, with hints regarding the administration of medicines, nursery emergencies, and the medicines necessary to keep on hand. It will be seen that much ground is covered, and all the directions and suggestions are clearly given.

V. H. P.

**LINCOLN AND OTHER POEMS.** By Edwin Markham. McClure, Phillips & Company, New York. Mr. Markham is not a great poet; but he is strong, earnest, and virile, and he is perhaps the best poet that America can boast in the present day. He is

very decidedly of those whose utterances must be classed as literature and to whom must be accorded respectful hearing. We have read his latest collection of poems with attention and with some pleasure; and we are glad to be able to give him hearty praise for his work. Especially do we commend the healthy spirit of nearly all that he says, affording a pleasing contrast with some of his other utterances. There is in his book a spirit of hope and faith that is good to see, a strong humanity that looks beyond the appearance and finds an end for struggle—an end that does not depend upon mere achievement, but makes the struggle itself of value. Throughout the book there is high aspiration, noble thought; but these do not always find adequate expression, nor are they in themselves always original. Others have said the same things before, and yet it is so much better than most of the production of to-day that we would forgive those who declared it of highest type. The best of the poems is that which gives the book its title, from which we quote the opening lines: When the North-Mother saw the Whirlwind, Groaning and darkening as it hurried on, She bent the strenuous Heavens and came down To make a man to meet the mortal need. Mr. Markham is always strenuous, always earnest; and these are excellent qualities. We need such men as he.

T. A. K.

**FOREVER THE GREAT PURPOSE.** By I. K. Friedman. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. Resolved to lay the rafters and the beam Of Justice—the imperishable Dream.

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### Fiction.

**SISTER TERESA.** By George Moore. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Mr. Moore has not given us the sequel to his novel called "Evelyn Innes." That book, it will be remembered, broke short off rather than ended, and notwithstanding the fact that it started somewhere and ended anywhere is the favorite method of Mr. Moore's school, the novel showed in itself a portent of a coming sequel. This we now have; and, if the sequel is no more satisfactory in its ending than the first, it is at least a good deal more interesting. Mr. Moore's school, the novel showed in itself a portent of a coming sequel. This we now have; and, if the sequel is no more satisfactory in its ending than the first, it is at least a good deal more interesting. Mr. Moore's school, the novel showed in itself a portent of a coming sequel. This we now have; and, if the sequel is no more satisfactory in its ending than the first, it is at least a good deal more interesting.

**FOR LOVE OR CROWN.** By Arthur W. Marchmont. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Those who have read Mr. Marchmont's earlier work—"In the Name of a Woman," "A Dash for a Throne," and "By Right of Sword"—know what to expect in his latest book, "For Love or Crown." The ingredients essential to the concoction of one of his novels are princes and princesses, treachery, intrigue, some unknown principality in a state of revolt, and a background of inveterate bloodshedders. Give him these and he can make out of them an interesting story. Improbable, of course, in method, but interesting always. And the public likes this sort of stuff—this "blood and thunder" novel. The morality of its tendency need not be questioned. Its highest purpose, and, in fact, its only purpose, is to entertain. The hero of the story is the heir to the throne of a small principality. To protect her from the violence of her political opponents she is sent to England, where she lives in seclusion. Enter Mr. Englishman. Now for the tug of war, now for the death-grip of the battle! The Englishman loves the princess, the princess loves the Englishman, and a whole score of vile persons hate the pair. Are you interested in the prospect of an active battle? Read the book and you will not be disappointed.

C. D. W.

**TOM BEAULIEU.** By Gouverneur Morris. The Century Company, New York. We understand that "Tom Beaulieu" is Mr. Gouverneur Morris' first appeal for recognition as a novelist. It is pleasant, indeed, to find in a first book so much promise, better than we have seen in any other. We seem to us that our author has not yet gotten himself well in hand, but still the book before us is decidedly readable. To find fault with the present work would be to find fault with the author's style, which is a rule, a matter easily accomplished. There is much, however, in "Tom Beaulieu" that deserves praise. The style, though at times stilted, is generally refreshingly simple. The situations are exceedingly dramatic without being melodramatic. The character drawing, especially that of "Tom Beaulieu," is well done. Taken all in all, the book, which is a very small one, is one that will amply repay one for the time required in

its reading. P. B. K.  
**WALL-STREET STORIES.** By Edwin Leafe. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. Money is attractive—generally too attractive. To those who are unable to possess the article itself, stories about it and those who possess it must serve as a substitute. In "Wall-Street Stories" our author tells how fortunes are made and lost. These are instructive, as well as entertaining, tales. The stories have all appeared in magazines, and attracted some little attention at the time of their first appearance. They have lost none of their attractiveness by being collected—in fact, they seem more satisfactory in their present form. Taken as a whole, they offer the reader an interesting picture of the different "games" played by the brokers. We are told about "The Woman and Her Bonds," "The Break in Turbulence," "The Man Who Won," and "Pike's Peak or Bust." There are, in all, eight stories in the book; that most will have been more.

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**THE SEVEN HOUSES.** By Hamilton Drummond. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Hamilton Drummond is a writer of romance, who, though he has been before the public but a short time, has already gained a high reputation in his vocation. "A Man of His Time" was a very excellent romance, indeed, with some faults, of course, but with high merits. "The Seven Houses" was yet better and had certain qualities which suggest to us a comparison with the older Dumas, some of the reviewers hinting at imitation. We did not agree with this verdict, for there was in the book a freshness and spontaneity which can never be compassed by an imitator; we held "The Seven Houses" to be the best of the author's work to date. The ingredients essential to the concoction of one of his novels are princes and princesses, treachery, intrigue, some unknown principality in a state of revolt, and a background of inveterate bloodshedders. Give him these and he can make out of them an interesting story. Improbable, of course, in method, but interesting always. And the public likes this sort of stuff—this "blood and thunder" novel. The morality of its tendency need not be questioned. Its highest purpose, and, in fact, its only purpose, is to entertain. The hero of the story is the heir to the throne of a small principality. To protect her from the violence of her political opponents she is sent to England, where she lives in seclusion. Enter Mr. Englishman. Now for the tug of war, now for the death-grip of the battle! The Englishman loves the princess, the princess loves the Englishman, and a whole score of vile persons hate the pair. Are you interested in the prospect of an active battle? Read the book and you will not be disappointed.

**THE BENEFACRESS.** By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The Macmillan Company, New York. "The Benefactress" is a capital book. It drags a little at times, to our sense; but it is full of excellent humor, and the characters are well drawn. While the book is of interest, we do not care to detail the plot, or rather plan, of the book, since to do so is often to discount the interest of the reader; but the author has hit upon a good idea, and the book is a success. "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The best of these qualities is a quiet and effective humor which perhaps appeals more to the fair than to the unfair sex, but which

can be relished in measurable degree by all. Sometimes, though rarely, the humor ceases to be quiet; and then it is ineffective, at least to our taste. Thus, we do not like "Letty," who talks slang and it rather too much of an idiot; she grates on us when she asks: "What is she gassing about?" This sort of thing is not funny, but happily there is much humor of a better sort in the book. Some of the complications between the English heroine and her German acquaintances are a little overdone, and sometimes, as in the matter of the poem which she is supposed to have written, of questionable taste; but this incident is among those in which Letty is concerned, and we cannot help a feeling that this young lady were better elided from the story. Yet we have on the whole very little fault to find, and we have decided praise to bestow. The possibility of the author being, as has been surmised, "a lady of quality" will, of course, have its effect upon the sales of the book, but it is not to be regretted. The "Benefactress" is, as it did upon those of that reviewer, a book which has in itself sufficient merit to dispense with such adventitious aid and yet find a welcome at the hands of those who enjoy cleverness and pleasant humor.

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When do I see thee most, beloved one? When in the light of thine eyes I see thee face, their altar, solemnize The workshop of that Love through thee made known?

Or when, in the dusk hours (we two alone) Closs-kiss'd, and eloquent of still replies They 'twilight-kisses glimmering vision lose.

And my soul only sees thy soul its own? O love, my love! If I no more should see Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee.

Nor image of thine eyes in any spring— His shadow should sound upon Life's darkening slope The ground-while of the peris'd leaves of Hope.

The wind of Death's imperishable wing?— Dante Gabriel Rossetti. From "A Year Book of Famous Lyrics." Reprinted by request.

Lord Rosebery, in a toast at the banquet of the Alfred Milnerian Celebration, pleaded ignorance of his high subject, but said that there were others who were like himself, believed in the burnt cakes and

collections have been more numerous. Demand for iron and steel is heavy and nearly all lines show in the strength. The iron is active toward Prospect Park, cents per ton premium is freely paid for immediate delivery. Steel billets also find ready sale at \$28 per ton at Pittsburgh. The rail situation is one of special strength.

Printed clothes have lost one-eighth cent, while raw cotton has gained three-sixteenths cent. In woolen goods the scarcity of men's overcoats has been marked, and demand in this line is active. The fur is active toward Prospect Park, and strength in such cereals as corn and oats some slight frictions in land, and a seasonal advance in butter and eggs, and other dairy products. Wheat, and also flour have weakened.

Failures in the United States, 24, as against 27 in this week a year ago. Canadian failures number 30, as against 25 in this week a year ago.

**Both Turned Somersault.** A peculiar accident to an automobile occurred on Eastern parkway when the boulevard was crowded with fashionable tourists. The automobile was going from Bedford Avenue toward Prospect Park, and was crossing the trolley tracks at Franklin Avenue, when both axles broke and the occupants were thrown out.

A stylishly-dressed young woman, who was one of the occupants, turned a complete somersault, and to the surprise of a hundred spectators, landed on her feet in the roadway. Her escort landed in an upright position beside her, apparently unhurt, though in a less graceful manner. The Bicycle Policeman Henry Kucharski, who went to the assistance of the automobilists, the young woman remarked that an ambulance surgeon or a coroner might have been needed but for the fact that they were professional acrobats. The couple gave their names as Mrs. and Rachel Ringlander and the chauffeur said he was L. E. Gertz. It was two hours before repairs to the automobile were completed. By that time the occupants had decided that they did not care to view the ocean—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Books Received.

**GEORGE WASHINGTON.** By Norman Hapgood. Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.00. Bell Book and Stationery Company.

**THE MACAULAY PAPERS.** "The sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolution furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone," has continued to furnish to writers up to the present time material to set forth the triumph of talent and of truth in this foremost man in our history. The book contains reproductions of the portraits of Washington by Savage, C. W. Peale, Rembrandt Peale and Gilbert Stuart, also fac-simile passages from Washington's journal of his journey over the mountains in March, 1747.

**A PLEA FOR THE DECALOGUE IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.** By Rev. I. Conger. McGraw-Hill, New York. Price, 25 cents. A book worthy of earnest consideration by parents and teachers.

**CAPTAIN BLUITT.** By Max Adler. Whose humor is fittingly set forth in the words, "Some says its infectious, some says its contagious, what I want to know is it is ketchin'!" Henry Costello Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.50.

**BIRTHDAY POEMS OF THE CENTURY.** By E. G. Dodge. M. A. Donohue & Company, New York. Price, \$1. Illustrated by Hope Dunlap.

**OUR NATIONAL PARKS.** John Muir. Riverside Press. Price, \$1.75. Bell Book and Stationery Company.

**AMERICAN BOY'S LIFE OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY.** By Edward Stratemeyer. Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.25.

**THOUGHTS FOR EVERY-DAY LIVING.** By the late Malibie Davenport Babcock, rector of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City. Scrib-

**MORE ANIMALS.** Oliver Herford. Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1. Bell Book and Stationery Company.

**SOUTHERN WILD FLOWERS AND TREES.** By Alice Lounsby. Illustrated by Mrs. Ellis Rowan, with an Introduction by Chauncey D. Beadle. Frederick A. Stokes. Price, \$3.50. Bell Book and Stationery Company.

**TWO WARS—MEXICAN, CONFEDERATE.** By Samuel French. Published by Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.

**THE SURPRISE BOOK.** By Nell K. McElhone. Illustrated by Albertine Randall Whealan. Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, \$1.50. Bell Book and Stationery Company.

**ORLOFF AND HIS WIFE.** By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Portrait, Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1. Bell Book and Stationery Company.

**ner's Sons.** Price, \$1. Bell Book and Stationery Company.

**FIELD AND STREAM.** For November.

**THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY.** A Magazine of Contemporary Thought, November, with Articles from Marianne and the Conclusion of American Democracy. By Munsterberg.

**Ancient Mustaches.** Men with enormous mustaches really have nothing to be proud of. Rather are they to be pitied. Those of high rank among the Gauls and Britons, according to Caesar and Diodorus, shaved the chin, but were immense forests of tangled hair on the upper lip. The mustaches of the inhabitants of Cornwall and the Scilly Isles hung down upon their breasts like wings. New York Press.

## MAGIC INFLUENCE OF YE OLDEN-TIME WELL

Tradition Says That He Who Drinks its Waters is Sure to Return.

(Written for The Sunday Times.)

In ye olden time taverns played a most important part in the life, the prosperity and pleasures of a community, whether in town or in the country. In those good old plaid days, ere the puffing steam engine entered into competition with the stagecoach and the steamboat, and the quickened civilization it introduced had pushed aside these slow-creeping conveyances and driven these hostleries out of business, and finally out of influence, the tavern was usually a most charming institution in every neighborhood. The landlord swayed his little kingdom with the power of a despot, and he often the spigot and the ladle, though he often smiled upon his subjects, especially those who bowed to his dominion, loved his gastronomic delicacies, or were bibulous in their tastes. The pleasure-seeking and amusement-loving folk crowded the hospitable doors where all would be served "for a consideration," small or large, to suit the length of each customer's purse-strings.

**THE OLD TAVERN.** The tavern was the centre of the life and enjoyment of the community, and the place where all gathered to learn the latest news and the current gossip among the neighbors. Such a hostelry was the "Old Tavern," of Manchester. The "Old Tavern," as a tavern, had long since passed away, and its large and commodious dining-room and ball-room

and its hospitable and comfortable chambers and quarters have been changed into several small tenement stores, with dwellings above. This old building, which stood on the corner of the street between Eleventh and Twelfth, and when it was in its palmy days, it, together with the stable, out-buildings, court-yard, and grounds, occupied the whole square. Many were the festivities that graced these old halls. There were the balls, the "meets" of the local racing contingent, the muster of the Chesterfield Dragoons and the convivial meetings of the wits of the day.

But all that connected the present with the happy and glorious past is the old well yard from which the weary wayfarer and the thirsty teams were refreshed and from which flowed the cool and pure water that slaked the inordinate thirst of those choicest folk who had sent